



Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

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THE

MYSTERIOUS RECLUSE.

"I CAN try, (said the landlady,) I will go to her, and if she chuses to take it amiss she may. In that case I shall have no occasion to thank her, if she should ever be visible. But I am sure she will not be displeased. Have you not heard how charitable she has been to the poor since she came to live here? Go to her I will."

The landlord listened to this address of his wife with an air expressive of every thing but satisfaction. "My dear, (replied he) people of quality ought not to be incommoded;" and held his wife by the arm when she was preparing to set off.

"People of quality! (exclaimed the hostess,) is not the lady here a lady of quality as well as the lady of the Castle? and can she be as comfortable with us as with her equal? I am determined to go."

"Stop, (cried her husband in a surly tone,) Hearken to reason, woman; shall we then turn away

an opportunity of gain which so seldom finds its way to our door? If the lady will not enjoy with us all the conveniences she could wish, we shall be put to little inconvenience in having her here. Stay at home and get the great bed ready. I will ride to town and fetch a doctor; then the horse too will earn his oats to-day. For the lady will not wish me to tire the creature for nothing."

"The lady wants none of your services; your horse thinks more sensible than you; he says nothing when you feed him with grass and talk of the oats he has eaten. Do a good turn for others, and you will find them ready to do a good turn for you, So I think at least."

With these words the hostess turned hastily about, leaving her husband standing and scratching behind his ear with his left hand, while he shook the right with his fore-finger extended in the air.—The execrations which in reality formed the text to these pantomimic notes, he muttered like incantations behind the back of his wife, of whom, though ten times as good as himself, he was not a little afraid.

The subject of the dialogue which is here recorded with historical fidelity, does not prove that it was carried on in the French language ; this however was actually the case. It could not indeed have well been otherwise ; for the scene of the altercation was an inn in the south of France, on the high road between Geneva and Lyons ; a wretched hut, frequented only by poor carriers, and still poorer pedestrians, and which was by no means calculated to afford accommodations for a sick lady who was travelling with a maid and servants till the re-establishment of her health. Neither would the lady, whose unexpected arrival had created such disharmony between the host and hostess, ever have thought of putting up at such a place, had she not suddenly been taken so ill that she was unable to proceed, according to her intention, to the next town. The question now was, what was to be done, if, as appearances indicated, she should grow still worse.

About half a league from this miserable inn reigned abundance, but in a very unusual form. An ancient castle which the former proprietor had a few years before sold to an unknown lady, had been transformed by her, with no inconsiderable expence, into a gloomy hermitage. A high wall surrounded the castle and garden, like a convent ; the wall of a convent, however, has gates for its entrance, but to this hermitage there was no

other avenue than a small door, which was bolted and locked within, and was not opened for any stranger till he or she had undergone a long examination. The inquisitor was an aged porter, who kept watch in a turret upon the wall over the door. From him the message passed to a second person stationed at the door within, and from the latter to a third, who carried it to the castle, where it was received by an old woman through a window ; and from her it was conveyed to the mistress of the hermitage by her confidante. Arrangements of such an extraordinary kind, when they became known, attracted the attention of the vigilant Marechaussee. The lady submitted without hesitation to a visitation of her dwelling by the officers of police, and as her subsequent conduct was not calculated to excite suspicion, she received no farther molestation in her solitude. She was supposed to be a religious enthusiast ; an opinion which various circumstances seemed to confirm. All that could be learned respecting the occupations of the recluse was, that she relieved all the poor and distressed in the whole country. All the letters which were sent to her, and which it was thought necessary to open at the nearest post-office, related only to subjects which the church denominates good works. The lady's answers, none of which she wrote herself, were of the same nature. All the servants at the castle were kept actively employed

in forwarding this correspondence and in private missions; none of them, of either sex, could boast of having ever seen their mistress.—She had no objection to converse even with strangers who could prefer a sufficient claim to this distinction, but never without a thick black veil which reached to her feet and entirely concealed her whole person.

To this lady the officious hostess posted away, to enquire whether she would accommodate the sick stranger. Another motive beside humanity—for why should she deny her sex—likewise influenced her conduct; she hoped on this unexpected occasion to obtain a sight of the hermitage, and perhaps be permitted to speak to the recluse, of whom she had heard so much.

While the patient in the little chamber of the inn was sighing rather on account of her accommodations than her illness, and the host whose attendance she had declined, went from vexation into the stable, and pulled the hay from his horse's manger, the landlady arrived at the turret, where the old porter began his examination. Her story was so well told, that the porter immediately forwarded the message, and in a few minutes received for answer that she might be admitted.

How overjoyed was the good little woman when the key grated in the lock, and the bolt flew back!

and when she entered, how slowly she walked that she might have the more time to take good notice of every object!

But on this side of the castle there was very little to be seen.—The mysterious lady was an enthusiast, if enthusiasm may be used to denote the delight which is taken in the indulgence of whims, which cherish the sentiments dearest to our hearts, but without making us richer or wiser. The lady was likewise an eccentric character, for she gave herself not the least concern about what the world, from which she had secluded herself, would say of her caprices. She was not however, deficient in good sense; she concealed from the eye of curiosity what vanity would have made a point of exhibiting; she wished not to excite interest by her conduct, and still less by her sensibility. Her garden was the place where she had erected a monument to her melancholy, and that was inaccessible to all. The inquisitive hostess could therefore discover nothing as far as she could see within the wall, but a beautiful green plat and an ancient building of grey stone. At the door of the house she was received by the aged female, by whom she was announced, and conducted into an apartment whose walls, hung with grey tapestry, exhibited nothing remarkable but an empty frame, apparently placed there instead of a picture, and which at least afforded a subject of reflection for curious

spectators who beheld nothing they had expected to see.

"That must be she;" thought the good hostess in the joy of her heart, when she heard somebody coming, and immediately turned her eyes from the empty picture-frame to the door by which the old woman had gone. She beheld a female, not the lady of the castle but her confidante, a modestly dressed brunette of about eighteen;—not handsome, but a fine figure, with a grave look and lively sparkling eyes. To her the hostess was obliged once more to repeat the object of her errand, which was once more communicated to the mistress of the castle. At length the latter a tall majestic figure, concealed by her black veil made her appearance.

The result of the interview was, that the recluse offered her best services to the sick stranger, with the assurance that she would see whether it was possible to prepare accommodations for her in the castle; and if she found it impossible, she would do all that lay in her power to remedy the inconvenience of her situation.

The good hostess was by no means satisfied at such an indefinite answer, and still less with what she had seen. Scarcely had she returned to the patient, and begun to reflect on the means of dispensing with the aid of the recluse, when the confidante appeared in a

coach, which was always kept in readiness for the mistress of the castle at a neighbouring farm-house. The patient was pleased with this visit which seemed a favourable presage. The result, however, did not appear so propitious for her as she had expected. No sooner had the envoy cast her eyes upon the stranger, than she was thrown into an embarrassment which she communicated to the latter, and which increased with every minute. The antiquary engaged in decyphering an inscription, from which he promises himself a discovery of the utmost importance, cannot contemplate the illegible characters with more fixed attention than the confidante of the mistress of the castle gazed upon the features of the sick stranger. Being informed that she was a German, she did not wait to enquire her name, but hurried away to the coach as though she had been pursued by an enemy, or had to carry the first intelligence of the conclusion of a treaty of peace.

"It is she! it can be no other!" exclaimed she on entering the apartment of the mistress of the castle.

The lady rising from her sofa, slowly asked:—"No other than who?"

"Than the sister of the man whose picture you once shewed me;" replied the confidante hastily.

The lady heaved a deep sigh,

and the glow of life tinged her cheek. "God be thanked," said she, while a tear started from her eye. "God be thanked that it is no other! the man whose picture you saw has no sister."

The confidante looked at her as earnestly as one who can scarcely believe his senses. "Do you know for certain that he has no sister?"

"Strange girl! (said the lady, with a clouded smile,) you would not pretend to teach me the history of the only person whom I know as perfectly as myself? Is the stranger a German?"

"So she says: (answered the confidante.) Besides, she speaks French with a foreign accent."

"Did you enquire her name?"

"No."

The lady was absorbed in that. "A German, and like him whose picture you have seen? My dear Leonora, you might imagine so, because you have seen the picture only once, or because you have seen nothing but the picture. At the same time it is extraordinary that, with this resemblance, she should be a German. And if your eyes or your memory have not deceived you——"

"My eyes! (exclaimed the confidante.) Never was I so convinced of any thing in all my life as of this resemblance. And as to my

memory! O that I were a painter, on every wall would I delineate the dear image—the large piercing eyes, the single wrinkle on the high forehead, the melancholy smile, the expressive outline of the whole face, and the invisible cloud which envelopes the whole feature."

"Leonora!" cried the lady with enthusiastic vivacity, and pressed the hand of her confidante. "You must be dreaming, girl; can you see invisible clouds?"

"Never mind the expression," said Leonora gravely; I cannot find any other for the sentiment excited in me by the picture whenever I call it to recollection—— There is a certain cloud upon the face which renders every beauty more beautiful. You must know what I mean.

"Well, (rejoined the lady,) and is this cloud to be seen in the face of the sick stranger?"

"No, it is not; and upon the whole, the face of the stranger differs in many respects from the picture. But I was so struck with certain features which as I thought were to be found only in the picture, with something of that kind which is called a family look, that I could at least swear this stranger and the man who sat for that beautiful portrait, are nearly related."

[*To be continued.*]

WINTER AT PARIS.

[*As described in a Parisian publication.*]

ADIEU, fine weather! adieu to the country!—The sun deserts us, the cold increases, the season becomes dull and rainy; the orange trees are put back into the green-houses, the trees lose their verdure; the gardens are spoiled of their attractions. The public walks are deserted. *Winter is set in.*—Winter at Paris begins early, and ceases late. It encroaches six weeks upon Autumn, and six upon Spring: so that it may be said to last six months, or one half the year! This is a long time. It ought not, however, seriously to distress us. This long and melancholy season is not without its enjoyments; it is in the winter-time that people in the country rest, and that people in town get together. It is in Winter that society is all life—that the play-houses are full—that the ball-rooms are brilliant—that entertainments are more numerous and gay. Gourmands, coquettes, young people, politicians, shop-keepers, dramatic authors, gamblers, physicians, lovers, tavern-keepers, and many others, are fond of winter; and why should we have any objections to it?

Il est des fleurs de toutes les saisons ;
Il est des plaisirs de tous les âges.

In fine without Winter should we enjoy the Spring? *ab assuetis non fit lassio.*

A LONDON WINTER.

OUR Winter has nothing to do with the season.—So far from commencing with the fall of the leaf, Winter does not begin till Nature shall have put forth the blossoms of regeneration. No woman who values her reputation for taste ventures to come to town for the Winter till the month of May: and it is not unusual to see a family of the highest research postpone the *burst* of its *entree* into the winter circles till after the King's birth day. Every thing, to be fashionable, must be out of season. A *dejeune* is suffocating if given before three o'clock in the afternoon. A man of fashion never takes the morning air in Rotten-Row till after sun-set. No evening party begins till midnight; and it is indispensable to the character of a member of parliament, that after a long debate he should go to his dinner at six o'clock in the morning. It must be dinner whatever be the hour, and however often he may have *restored* at Bellamy's. It is the sign of pure unadulterated simplicity to act like the *herd*, who eat when they are hungry, and drink when they are thirsty; and the Parisians have made no higher attainments in *ton* than the Hottentots, if they regulate their hours by the diurnal sun, or their seasons by his place in the zodiac.

The London Winter begins in April, and rages in May. It is then that our women of fashion find

the weather deliciously inclement, and the only remedy against its rigour is in the comfort of *compression*. It is only by squeezing several hundreds more into a set of rooms than they were ever destined to contain, that the severity of a London Winter can be resisted. In Paris the people of fashion only *s'approchent*; in London they *dove-tail*. It would be intolerable in a fashionable assembly at the west end of the town if there was room for enjoyment. Indeed the world itself is obsolete; for enjoyment belongs only to the miserable people, whom nobody knows. It is the invariable test and criterion of high breeding to counteract the rules of common life; and therefore to be at your ease in an assembly, into which you enter, is a disappointment. To remain in one place is a sign that you are not in request; and your triumph for the night consists in the number of crouds through which you have jostled.

A woman of supreme attraction has her nights *en suite*, and she shines *par excellence*, who puts her friends to the greatest degree of oppression. To be able to stir is an accident, and to get in or out you must watch for an opportunity. It is indispensable to character to treat every thing that is public with contempt, and never be seen in a place to which every body may go. It is the pinnacle of *Ton* therefore for a lady of fashion to open her own house for the benefit of some

dear delightful Italian, who will bring all the world together, and yet keep it elegantly crowded.—This is at once conspicuous and economical. The lady gives a grand concert at home, and has fifty invitations as her part of the benefit. Oh, what a novelty in the refinement of housewifery! The lady of a duke, marquis, or earl, with a revenue of fifty thousand a year, sharing in the benefit of an *Italian fidler*! But it is the *ton*—and the character of the lady depends on the multitudes she can attract.—Such is our gay season.

THE TIP OF THE ELBOW.

THIRTY years since, the elbow was the part of a fine woman she was most tenacious to conceal and protect from public view; it was first covered with a cambric sleeve small plaited, and a wristband and lace ruffle; then three falls or flounces of embossed muslin or rich lace; than three falls of rich brocade or satin ornamented with rich fringe, covered them; and to complete the dress, and to protect the tip of the elbow a piece of lead, large enough to make a dozen bullets, hung pendant; and there was nothing more frequent in the annals of chivalry, than for the favored lover to steal his mistress's lead to blow out the brains, if he had any, of his rival.—Flounces of course, led the fair wearer into a variety of unpleasant situations; such as in the extacy of having won a critical game at whist, *whis-*

ing the candlestick, which stood at her elbow, into the lap of her fair neighbor; setting fire to the *chevaux de frize*, that formed a rampart round her bosom, and throwing the whole assembly into confusion; or sweeping the coffee cup and its contents on the white satin *small clothes* of a birth-day *jeune*. But what were those to the mischances at dinner? A fowl was to be carved, and by the time it was completed, the elbow appendages had absorbed the plate of soup, to which the fair wearer had been helped, and she was obliged to the mortification of having her flounces wrapped in a napkin, and the whole economy of her dress destroyed for the evening.

After a variety of such misfortunes, deep ruffles and flounces were exploded, with the exception of a court dress. But the protection of the elbow was still attended to. Long sleeves were introduced for undress, and the puckered cuff, lined with buckram, brought three inches below the elbow, for full dress; however, the buckram lining was such an enemy to bending the arm with grace, that the cuff shortened, until it just covered the elbow; when a public mourning taking place, it was discovered that a round fat elbow looked very pretty through a black crape transparency; and the mourning over, a few well-fed *belles* braved the storm of envy, by shewing the tip of their elbows; and persevered in doing so in despite of the re-

marks of their fair friends. "Miss B. is a pretty girl, but her bare elbows give her such a bold appearance."—"Did you observe Mrs. M.—how vulgar, just escaped from a wash tub." But imperative fashion issued her *fiat*, and old and young, fat and lean, have not only shewn their elbows but their arms; and when we reflect that the exposure of the tip of the Dutchess of Rutland's shoulder, under masquerade guise, set the city of Dublin once in a flame, how can we wonder in this age of naked fashions, that the torch of Cupid should be so often lighted—from the tip of every part of a beautiful woman—from the tip of the finger to the arm pit.

Lon. paper.

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For the Lady's Miscellany.

VARIETY.

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ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

DREADFUL EFFECTS OF JEALOUSY IN AN IROQUOIS.

A Husband, not pleased with the conduct of his wife, but dissembling his resentment, carried her with him at the usual time of hunting. The year was favourable, the game abundant, and the husband a good hunter; yet he pretended that nothing was to be got, and alledged, as an excuse, that he was under the power of fascination. The hunting season drew to a close, the provisions

were expended, and the wife suffered much from hunger. The husband, having harrassed her in this manner for a long time, at last pretended he had a dream; that he was to attack the hut of his wife during the night as an enemy, to make her a prisoner, and to treat her as a slave. The wife, who fancied that she might be able to elude the effects of this dream, as is often the case, agreed that her husband should realize it. This he did not fail to do the following night. He attacked the hut, made a slave of his wife, and condemned her to be burned. He tied her to a post and made a great fire. The wretched wife considered all this merely as a joke: but she was deceived. With the husband the matter was but too serious. He reproached her with her infidelities either true or pretended, and roasted her at a slow fire with the most unfeeling cruelty. The brother of this woman, who had for her the strongest attachment, had set out to bring her provisions, lest she should suffer from want. He arrived at the place during the time of its cruel execution, and was a distant spectator of the dreadful spectacle. The hut was open, and he heard the dreadful shrieks of his sister. Having recognized the husband, and his sister, without being perceived, he did not long hesitate: he pointed his gun and killed the husband. He then untied his sister, and learned from her the suspicions of the jealous husband, and the cause of his dreadful

vengeance. The recovery of this poor woman was hopeless—the compassionate brother, pitying her sufferings, stabbed her with her own consent; and after having paid the last duties to the body, according to established customs, he returned to the village, and related the melancholy tale.

These examples of violent jealousy and vengeance, much seldomer occur among the Iroquois, than among the nations bordering on Louisiana: there the husbands after offering every species of insult to their unfaithful wives, bite off their nose and ears, and no person is surprised, or finds fault with the brutal action. The Brasilians put them to death without scruple, and go and tell their father, “I have killed your daughter because she was unfaithful.” The father answers, with much coolness, ‘you have done well, since she deserved it.’

EFFECTS OF LOVE.

EGINARDUS was secretary of state to Charlemagn, and having placed his affections much higher than his condition admitted, made love to one of his daughters: who seeing this man of a brave spirit, and a grace suitable, thought him not too low for her whom merit had so eminently raised above his birth. She loved him, and gave him free access to her, so far as to suffer him to converse and read in her chamber on evenings, which ought to have been kept as a sanctuary

where reliques are preserved. It happened on a winter's evening Eginardus (ever hasty in his approaches, but negligent about returning) had somewhat too long continued his visit: in the meantime a snow had fallen, which troubled them both; he feared to be betrayed by his feet, and the lady was unwilling that such prints should be found at her door. Being much perplexed, love, which taketh the diadem of majesty from queens, made her do an act for her lover, very unusual for the daughter of one of the greatest men upon earth; she took the gentleman upon her shoulders, and carried him all the length of the court to his chamber, he never setting a foot to the ground, that so the next day no impression might be seen of his footing. It fell out that Charlemain watched at his study this night, and hearing a noise, opened the window, and perceived this petty prank, at which he could not tell, whether he were best to be angry or to laugh. The next day, in a great assembly of lords, and in the presence of his daughter and Eginardus, he asked what punishment that servant was worthy of who made use of a king's daughter as a mule, and caused himself to be carried on her shoulders in the midst of winter, through night, snow, and all the sharpness of the season. Every one gave his opinion, and not one but condemned that insolent man to death. The princess and secretary changed colour, thinking nothing re-

mained for them but to be flayed alive. But the emperor looking on his secretary with a smooth brow, said, "Eginardus, hadst thou loved the princess my daughter, thou oughtest to have come to her father, the disposer of her liberty; thou art worthy of death, and I give thee two lives at this present, take thy fair portress in marriage, fear God, and love one another."

THE BROTHERS.

A YOUTH who had often bathed in a river in which there were many quicksands, once more ventured in, and narrowly escaped from death. His elder brother, who a few months before had fallen in love with a beautiful girl, won her affections, and married her, and in those months had often wished both wife, and the marriage state far enough, hearing of the danger his brother had been in, said to him, "I am more surprised at your escape, than at the danger you have been in; how could you be so foolish as to trust this dangerous element, because it did not at other times deceive you!"

"Then let it still less be a wonder to you, (said the other) that your wife, since the time she has been your wife, often gives you cause for repentance; who told you to trust so fickle a sex, as the female, because a pretty girl smiled upon you, and for days seemed to think well of you?"

"And what would you have had me do with this sex?"

"Study and learn it well!"

"Fool! it would be like telling a seaman, after he had suffered all storms, to learn the depth and every rock in the fathomless deep; to both purposes one common course of life would not be sufficient, which seldom exceeds eighty or ninety years."

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

PRAY what is lighter than a feather?
Dust, my friend, in dryest weather;
What's lighter than the dust, I pray?
The wind, that wafts it far away;
Pray what is lighter than the wind?
The lightness of a woman's mind;
And what is lighter than the last?
Nay! now, my friend, you have me fast.

DURING the late siege of Gibraltar, in the absence of the fleet, and when an attack was daily expected, one dark night, a centry, whose post was near a tower facing the Spanish lines, was standing at the end of his walk, whistling; looking towards them, his head filled with nothing but fire, and sword, miners, breaches, storming, and bloodshed! By the side of his box stood a deep narrow-necked earthen jug, in which was the remainder of his supper, consisting of boiled pease. A large monkey (of which there are plenty at the top of the rock) encouraged by the man's absence and allured by the smell of the pease, ventured to get at its contents, thrust his neck so far into the jug, as to be unable to withdraw it. At this instant, the soldier approaching, the monkey started up to escape with the jug on his head. This terrible

monster no sooner saluted the eyes of the sentry, than his frantic imagination converted poor pug into a fine blood-thirsty Spanish grenadier, with a most tremendous cap on his head. Full of this dreadful idea, he instantly fired his piece, roaring out that the enemy had scaled the walls. The guards took the alarm; the drums were beat; signal-guns fired; and in less than ten minutes, the governor and his whole garrison were under arms—The supposed grenadier, being vety much incommoded by his cap, and almost blinded by the pease, was soon overtaken and seized; and, by his capture, the tranquillity of the garrison was soon restored, without that slaughter and bloodshed which every man had prognosticated in the beginning of this direful alarm.

ORIGINAL THOUGHTS

ON DELIBERATE INJURY.

BY JULIA FRANCESCA.

I HAVE ever considered a premeditated injury as the first and most profligate of human depravities; as an indubitable assurance of a corrupt and wicked heart, which delights in the misery of its fellow creature. Many excuses may be offered for the sudden impulse of resentment and provocation. A mind smarting under recent offence or suffering, may be guilty of excesses which in the

cooler moments of reason and reflection, may be severely expiated, repented and atoned. But what excuse can be offered, or what crime can justify the deliberate and unprovoked attack, that strikes at the feelings, the character and eternal peace of mind of an unsuspecting female? None! No circumstance or evil can possibly apologize for intentional injury.—Are we offended, wounded in the tenderest part, the mind that is naturally benevolent, however warm in the first moments of resentment, when left to reflection and cool reason, will as naturally pardon.—

“Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us,” says our Heavenly Monitor, and for the sake of humanity, I trust that the divine precept here inculcated is in general received and followed. But what must be the feelings of that heart, who receiving no injury whatever, can decidedly plan an irreparable and serious mischief towards an unsuspecting and innocent woman? can they possibly ever respect themselves after such conduct, however concealed from the world’s knowledge. Lady Catesby in one of her elegant epistles observes, “that the greatest of all misfortunes is the loss of our own good opinion. We may enjoy the esteem of the world without deserving it; we may owe it to dissimulation, but what becomes of our internal peace when we no longer esteem ourselves?” That such depravity exists is, alas! too well known, and for a while

“Vice may triumph; virtue, vice obey,” but how will such conduct succeed with him “to whom all hearts are open, all desires known.” May such trespasses be forgiven by an offended Deity, as sincerely as they are by those whose conscious rectitude sets at nought the narrow minded principle of falsehood and injustice.

EXTRACT.

WHEN a story is to be told to the disadvantage of a fellow creature, calumny is swift as lightning, what then should be the speed of a friend who has the delightful power of rescuing from unmerited imputation a worthy character, and placing the virtues of an honest man far from the reach of slanderous detraction?

DIBDEN.

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THE FIRST KISS OF LOVE.

BY GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON.

AWAY with your affection of flimsy romance,

Those times of falsehood which folly has wove;

Give me the wild beam of the soul-braking glance,

Or the rapture which dwells on the first kiss of love.

Ye rhymers whose bosoms with fantasy glow,

Whose pastoral passions are made for the grove;

From what blest inspiration your sonnets would flow,

Should you ever have tasted the first kiss of love.

If Apollo should e'er his assistant re-
fuse,
Or the Nine be dispos'd from your
service to rove,
Invoke them no more, bid adieu to the
muse,
And try the effect of the first kiss of
love.

I hate you, ye cold compositions of art,
Though prudes may condemn me,
and bigots reprove,
I court the effusions that spring from
the heart,
Which throbs with delight to the first
kiss of love.

Your shepherds, your flocks—those fan-
tastical themes,
Perhaps may amuse, yet they never
can move,
Arcadia displays but a region of dreams:
What are visions like these to the
first kiss of love?

Oh! cease to affirm, that man, since
his brith,
From Adam, till now, has with
wretchedness strove;
Some portion of Paradise still is on
earth,
And Eden revives in the first kiss of
love.

When age chills the blood, when our
pleasures are past,
For years fleet away with the wings
of the dove,—
The dearest remembrance will still be
the last,
Our sweetest memorial, the first kiss
of love.

SONG.

DEAR Chloe, let not pride devour
That little, vain, affected heart;
Because I said the fairest flower [part.
Ne'er breathes the sweets thy lips im-

Nor spoil that face with airs so silly,
Nor point those lovely eyes with scorn;
Because I swore the rose and lilly
Ne'er gave such beauties to the morn-
Yes! thou art like—so like the flower,
Its warning fate should fill with sor-
row;
The blooming plaything of an hour,
But pluck'd, and torn, and dead to-
morrow.

SHIRTS AND SHIFTS.

AN EPIGRAM.

OLD MUSTY had married a modish
young flirt,
Who calling one holliday morn for her
shirt,
"Why, how now," quoth Musty,
"What say you," quoth he,
"What, do you wear a shirt, Moll?—
"Besure, Sir," quoth she,
"All women wear shirts"—"Nay,"
quoth he, "then, I trow,
"What has long been a riddle, is plain
enough now;
"For when women wear *shirts*, it can
lack no great gifts
"To discern why their husbands are
put to their *shifts*."

Curious and Wonderful Fact.

The twenty four letters of the
alphabet are capable of being
joined, or combined, as many dif-
ferent ways as are expressed by
the following figures, 5,852,616,
738,497,664,000.

REMARK.

Who, present or absent, thinks
and says the same of his friend and
enemy, is more than honest, more
than man, he is a hero.

ADDRESS.

TO THE PATRONS OF THE
LADY'S MISCELLANY.

Mr. CLOUGH, the former proprietor of THE LADY'S WEEKLY MISCELLANY, has transferred the Establishment to the subscriber, who hopes, by exposing to view the deformity of vice, and rigidly upholding the pre-eminence of virtue, to maintain the high standing in which this LITTLE FAVORITE of the FAIR is so justly held. If assiduity and attention can make the work valuable, the subscriber will not solicit in vain for the patronage of an enlightened community.

For obtaining the latest London publications, from which elegant and instructive selections will enrich our pages, arrangements are already made. Neither pains nor expence shall be spared to make the Miscellany a volume of worth.

It may be necessary to sketch an outline of the principles on which the Miscellany will in future be conducted. It will be issued, as usual, in numbers of sixteen octavo pages, and form two large volumes annually. Its merits will consist of Original and Selected Articles, calculated to instruct the understanding, refine the taste, and embellish the minds of its FAIR READERS. VARIETY, "always charming," will be sedulously attended to. The heart-melting narrative of the NOVELIST, and the

high-wrought picturesque of ROMANCE, shall decorate the pages of the Miscellany. From FICTION'S FOUNT we shall draw largely, and we hope, judiciously. At the shrine of APOLLO, we shall pay our devoirs—The brilliant effusions of POETIC fancy, and the scintillations of WIT, will command our attention. Nor shall Biography, Theatrical, and other Criticisms, be neglected. The pleasing and enlivening Anecdote, the FASHIONS, and every thing necessary to a work of this nature, shall be duly noticed.

To the former readers of the Miscellany, I beg leave respectfully to tender my services, and to solicit their patronage. To those, who, since the issuing of the New Prospectus, have come forward in its support, I return my unfeigned thanks.

The city subscribers to the Miscellany will be served, as usual, unless we are notified to the contrary. Persons in other cities, and in the country, who are desirous of obtaining the work will please to enclose the amount, post paid, directed to the subscriber. Those gentlemen abroad, who were subscribers to the last volume, and who may wish to have the paper continued, will please to give information,

To their very humble

And obedient servant

EDWARD WHITELY.

"I love society," said one of the French Princesses of the blood royal: "every body listens to me, and I listen to nobody."

Great memories, which retain every thing indiscriminately, are like masters of inns, and not masters of houses.

A French player, performing at Turin, thus addressed the pit: "Illustrious strangers."

Montaigne never knew what he was going to say, but he always knew what he was saying.

Correspondence.

Mr. "Pill Garlick" shall have tribute of us. We will attend to him next week. His favours will always be acceptable.

"Thespis" must be more particular in his theatrical remarks, if he wishes our attention. It is not enough to say, thus did Mr. Cooper, Mr. Twaits, and Mr. Harwood. It is necessary to point out, in a perspicuous manner, the peculiar scenes in which these, or other performers of the theatre, may have excelled.

"Toby Alspice" has no spice of excellence in him—his remarks are flat, stale and unprofitable.

Communications for the Miscellany are respectfully solicited.

MARRIED,

Last evening, by the Rev. Mr. Stre-

beck, Mr. JOHN KERSING, to Miss ABIGAIL JOHNSON, both of this city.

At Brooklyn, on Friday Evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Low, Mr. JOHN SEAMAN, to Mrs. DAWSON.

On Monday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Kuypers, Mr. CALER S. HALSIRD, merchant, to Miss MARGARET ROOME, grand daughter of Mr. Henry Room, all of this city.

At New-Bedford, on the 9th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Kiddy, Capt. JOHN JOHNSON, of New-York, to Miss HARRIET BATES, of that place.

At Sag Harbour, on Monday 17th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Prime, Captain JUBAL TERBELL, to Miss RUTH LATHAM, both of that place.

In the county of Albermarle, VIRGEORGE BAY, Esq. of Richmond, to Miss ELIZA MONROE, eldest daughter, of James Monroe, Esq. late minister to Great Britain.

DIED.

On the 12th instant at his residence in Germantown, near Mount Airy College, J. H. C. HEINEKIN, Agent for His Majesty the King of Holland, and for the Dutch East India Company.

At Alexandria, Dr. PETER WISZ, in his 34th year.

Deaths in this city during the last week, viz. Men 10, women 7, boys 6, girls 6—Total 29.

TERMS OF THE MISCELLANY

To be delivered to city subscribers at one dollar a volume, to be paid for at the conclusion of the volume. Persons residing out of this city, to pay in advance.



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For the Lady's Miscellany.

ACROSTIC.

ON MANY VIRTUES, AND

Nine heavenly sisters have a blessing,
sent
On thee so favour'd by the kind intent;
Verse they bestow'd, harmonious, flow-
ing, new;
Inspir'd by this, each science follows
true;
Couch not such talents then, in flatt'ry's
strain,
E'en of thy praise, lest I grow proud
and vain.

JULIA FRANCESCA.

.....

For the Lady's Miscellany.

AN OLD STORY

IN A NEW DRESS.

"Let the gall'd Jade wince!"

ONE night, a little wou'd-be Poet,
Who nothing lack'd like wit to show it,
Inclin'd to make his friends all merry
O'er good Madeira, or old Sherry;
Produc'd in *real* and *genuine* metre,
Some lines as pungent as salt petre;
With voice sonorous loud and able
He mounts aloft upon the table;
For, be it rightly understood,
Both *head* and feet adher'd to *wood*.
With glasses on his nasal feature
He peer'd above each mortal creature.

What energy and force combine
In every self-approving line.

He reads his verse with pow'rs empha-
tic,

High season'd with the salt of attic,
Deem'd by *himself* the true satiric,

And he the Satyr personates:

When 'twas decreed by luckless fates,

Who in the shape of wicked Wags,

While he his lungs had roar'd to rags,

And holding close before his optics

Lines cutting as a Chinese chop-sticks,

These Wags found means dex'trous and
able

To creep beneath the pond'rous table,

And one by one as softly steals

Swift out of doors and takes to heels.

At length a pause!—he looks around,

No soul appears his praise to sound.

The Poet's cut—each laughing wag,

Poor wight, has given you the bag;

"What gone," he cries—nay don't com-
plain,

Perhaps they'll "cut and come again,"

If not your loss must be their gain;

For had they listen'd to your numbers,

'Stead of a race 'thad caus'd their slum-
bers!

BLANK.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

CHARADE.

From the twelve tribes of Israel

I pray thee one select

Whose Ruler, though a *small one*,

Was intitled to respect.

Then take an occupation

Which comfort great does bring

To every rank and station

A good and useful thing.

To add to this you'll take a stalk,

Just altering the last letter,

And you will find the name of one

For goodness few are

BETTER.